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THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. W. BROOKS.

Young mother, bending low,
O'er the cradle of thy boy,
Is there not one drop of joy
Mingled in thy cup of joy?
Is there not one anxious thought
Struggling in thy bosom now?
And has thy fancy wrought
No dark cloud to shade thy brow?
Need we ask? 'Tis thine to know
All a mother's loving fears;
And this tender plant must grow
Watered by a mother's tears.
Though the faded flower seem pure,
Yet the tempter dwells within,
And too soon his wiles may lure
The frail blossom into sin.
Doubt thou fear lest this sweet one
From the Savior's fold should stray,
And thy path to heaven be lone
If thy child forsake the way?
When that Savior was a guest
In this sinful world of ours,
Often to his guileless breast
Did he fold such infant flowers.
Mother, trust the Unfading,
He will save that gem from blight;
Trust him, he will lead thy child
Safely to the world of light.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

NO. IX.

Having shown, in the previous number, that Christian holiness, or sanctification, is not justification, nor regeneration, I now proceed to show, as clearly as I shall be able, what it is. In doing this, I do not claim to be wise above what has been written. I shall draw my views wholly from the Scriptures—that unerring and eternal fountain of light and knowledge. Like Mary, I would ever sit at the Master's feet, and look up to him for instruction. I venerate antiquity, with its inexhaustible stores of knowledge; and I cheerfully acknowledge the authority of the writings of the learned and pious, both living and dead. But in a matter of so much importance as the soul's sanctification, I desire to know what God says. In the blessed Bible he speaks with unambiguous voice, and needs no interpreter.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
When wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this stormy vale."

In what, then, does the holiness, or sanctification, as revealed in the Bible, and made the privilege of Christians in this life, consist? So far as I am competent to answer, I reply, in the three following things:

1. Entire self-consecration to God.
2. Being cleansed from all unrighteousness.
3. The full baptism of the Holy Ghost.

1. Entire self-consecration. This work is indispensable. It is also our own act; being aided by God's preventing grace. It differs from the consecration we make at regeneration, in two respects. 1. We have a more distinct and correct view of the deep depravity of the soul—our entire moral impotency—our high gospel privilege, and the vast claims of God upon us. 2. We made the consecration when converted—prior to regeneration—being yet unregenerated and unholiness. But prior to sanctification, we consecrate ourselves to God in view of receiving this great blessing, being in a regenerate state, and therefore being comparatively holy. In the former case, the soul is consecrated to God, but is incapable of a holy act; and in the latter case, it proceeds from a relatively holy heart, capable, through grace, of a relatively holy act. Now, that this act of entire self-consecration to God is the first step in Christian holiness, or sanctification, is abundantly obvious from the Scriptures. In the Hebrew Scriptures, the word meaning to sanctify is *kadosh*, and means, according to Gesenius, to cleanse, and to consecrate. This word is used to denote the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the priest's office. Moses was directed to sanctify them, that they may minister unto him as the priest's office.—Ex. 28:41. That the same word is used in the Hebrew Bible, in its sense, in various places, especially in reference to the dedication of altars, temples, troops for battle, the people of Israel, and sacred mountains. In the Greek New Testament, the parallel word is *agias*, having, also, the two-fold sense of to make clean and to consecrate. See Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon. It is used, when used in the New Testament, to denote, or at least to imply, the sanctification of the soul, as in the case of the apostles, who were sanctified by the Holy Spirit.—Acts 19:13. Also, says the Savior of himself, just before his betrayal and crucifixion, "For their sakes, I sanctify myself."—John 17:19. In both these passages, the word means, not to cleanse, but to set apart, to devote, to dedicate to a special use, to consecrate. It is clear, then, that in the original Scriptures, the term sanctify, with its various inflections, is used in the sense of dedicate, or consecrate. Hence David said to the priests and Levites, "Sanctify yourselves."—1 Chron. 15:12. That is, "I dedicate yourselves to God."

This great work all Christians must do, though the holiness, it must be done without reserve, in view of persecution, and in humble dependence on God. The language of the soul must be—

"Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my heart, and make it new."

Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thine happy I die;
Happier still, if thine I die.

2. The second step in Christian holiness, or sanctification, is to be cleansed from all unrighteousness by the blood of Christ. This idea of cleansing is fundamental in the Holy Scriptures. It is a central idea—like the sun in the firmament, dispensing light and glory throughout the whole of the heavens. This is the primary meaning of the term sanctification. The following Scriptures clearly prove the reality of this work of cleansing from all unrighteousness, as well as

its glorious extent: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your iniquities, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you."—Ezekiel 36:25. There is a radical cleansing—removing all filthiness and idols. The element is clean water, symbolical of the pure blood of Christ. Is not this a thorough work? Is any unholiness left? Also says David, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51:2. Here, too, is a thorough washing and cleansing; leaving no iniquity nor sin to pollute the soul. Add to this Paul's words, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit."—2 Cor. 7:1. Here soul and body are cleansed from every taint of sin. Again, "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."—Heb. 13:12. Here we have the object and ignominy of Christ's suffering, his people's entire sanctification, and his precious blood as the efficacious means. In harmony with all this, says John, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanse us from all sin."—1 John 1:7. After this, does any sin remain? Remember the Apocalyptic curse pronounced against all such as do, or take away, either the words or sense of Scripture. Once more, the devout David prays, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51:1. Is not the whiteness of snow a type of spotless purity? The apostle also records the great object of Christ's death, and shows it to have been, "That he might sanctify and cleanse it (the church) with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. 5:26, 27. How varied and strong is this language. Does it not contemplate a perfect ablation from sin, and entire purity of spirit, soul, and body? What else can it mean? It is a cleansing so complete as not to leave a "spot," nor "wrinkle," nor any such thing. Finally, says John, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—John 1:9. Here are two distinct blessings: 1. Forgiveness of sins, including regeneration; and 2. Sanctification; subsequent in its reception, and effected by a heavenly cleansing in the laver of Christ's purifying blood. This cleansing, too, reaches "all unrighteousness," or the remains of corrupt nature, the original infection of inbred sin; while the first blessing embraces only forgiveness of actual and condemning sin. Now, then, look at this array of Scripture. Every text is clear and direct, and has a voice of its own. Each one is a sun, full orb, and shining in its truth. Their convergent beams pour a focal blaze of light upon unprejudiced minds, and shut us up to the conclusion that the second and important step in the work of sanctification, or Christian holiness, is to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, or filthiness of the flesh and spirit, by the all powerful blood of the Lamb. Does any one ask how this is done? I am frank to confess I do not know. Further, I do not desire to know. Many have lost the blessing by pausing here and trying to solve this heavenly mystery. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The manner how the Holy Spirit regenerates and sanctifies the soul, is above all human comprehension. We cannot see the wind, but we can both feel and see its effects, in the waving forests and nodding harvest. So we cannot observe or explain the operation of the divine Spirit on the soul; but its effects we can feel with a conscious and captivating distinctness, and its fruits we can discern in the life and conversation. With vain philosophy we have nothing to do; but with the Bible, every thing. In this celestial chart, this heavenly geography of the skies to man, the way to heaven is clearly set down. On every leaf may be traced, in letters of crimson dye,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lost all their guilty stains."

And never did the strains of sweet Shirlah fall so sweetly on my ear. The blaze of light which poured beyond me from the sun, shrouded me from the first view of the happy songsters, and stepping aside as they passed, quite escaped their observation. On they went—on they sang; and, just as they concluded the couplet,

"All dead dead sinners from their tombs,
And give the blind their sight."

one tore off a napkin from some object, which he clasped devoutly to his breast, and cast it behind him in the pathway.

Hardly had this party passed from my view, when they were met by another approaching in the opposite direction. This party was small, and recognizing many of them as they passed me, I left my place of concealment and walked on with them. They were all professing Christians, and for a few weeks increasing seriousness had marked their deportment. Most, if not all, were attendants upon my ministry, and I had to delicacy or difficulty in engaging their conversation. Their fearful expressions told the penitential sorrow of their hearts, and their entire bearing betokened resolution. They were a band of wanderers returning to God. They had never entirely apostatized nor lost their pleasure in religion, but for a season they had scattered their influence upon the world—had buried their talents in the earth; now they hastened to the place of their sepulture, to exume and improve them. So interesting was their converse, and so deep my sympathy with them, that I passed the remainder of the way almost unconsciously; and while rejoicing that any were made willing to return, I stood once more before the ruined gate-way, which bore the now no longer mysterious inscription,

"Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way."

THE BURYING PLACE OF TALENTS.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY REV. J. T. PETTEE.

A few mornings ago, after a night of refreshing slumber, which had been varied rather than disturbed by dreamy impressions of revival exercises which had engrossed the preceding evening, having invoked the blessing of Heaven upon my footsteps, I resolved to revisit the Burying Place of Talents. Nearly nine months had elapsed since my first visit to this solemn cemetery, and I had often chided my tardiness in revisiting a place so full of Christian instruction and warning. Meanwhile a marked change had come over the people of my pastoral charge. Many, who at the time of my former visit, were dead in trespasses and sins, had arisen to newness of life; and the brightening testimony of one of this class, which I had heard the preceding evening, was the immediate cause of my morning resolution.

The sun was just struggling through the clouds of the eastern horizon as I left my dwelling; but hardly had I passed the precincts of our village, when he poured a flood of sunlight upon the waving woodland which lay beyond. In my heart, contemplation rose to adoration, and I mingled my morning praises with the incense of adoration. As I left the village throughfare and entered the less frequented road of the woodland, the dew brushed off the beaded grass apprised me that even at that early morning hour visitors were before me.

While I wondered who might have preceded me to the burial place of talents, the sound of singing was heard in the distance, and as I advanced with hurried steps to meet it, a band of happy spirits turned the road-head, and as they emerged from the shade into the sunlight, they sang—

"Behold the morning sun
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Here my repentant comrades left me, each one for himself interested in the object of his visit. I saw them no more to recognize them, except as I met them singly on their returning.

Left thus alone, I entered the yard and ascended the dome of a turf covered tomb which swelled just at the left of the gate-way. This position commanded the entire prospect of the place, and secured communication with all entering and sleeping. Upon my first survey of the ground, I was surprised at the changes which a few months had effected. There had been but few interments since my former visit; yet on my right and on my left, and directly before me to the farthest range of tombs, the ground had been broken and torn, as by the hand of sacrilege, and was every where strown with the habiliments of the grave.

While I wondered at these changes, my attention was arrested by an aged man, who was anxiously deciphering the dates upon the older tombstones. Approaching a moss-covered stone which stood nearest my position, he pulled away the turf which had gathered round it, and traced with trembling hand first the date, then the name of its inscription—then, as if the object of his search was found, he raised his eyes, swimming in tears, to heaven, and asked for help from the everlasting hills. Then, as with the strength of youth, he tore up the sunken grave-stones, threw off the mass of mouldered earth beside it, until his hand grasped something firmly, and raised it up, enveloped in a mouldering napkin. It was his buried talent, which had rested in the earth for thirty years. He raised it up in offering to Heaven, and as he laid it on the altar of the skies, I heard him say—

"No longer mine, but thine,
To all eternity."

When I saw the ease with which this aged pilgrim tore away the earth and the tomb-stone,

I knew that God helped him; and from his earnest efforts I learned what causes had torn so many graves, and rent, in so many places, the Burying Place of Talents.

From my commanding point of observation, I saw many tombs around which the grass had been trodden down, whose doors had been left open, as though bereft of their tenants. There were some, however, whose iron doors had rusted on their hinges; they had not been opened for years, nor, in all probability, would they be opened again, till burst by the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, which shall wake their guilty owners from their dusty beds, and summon them to judgment. Then they will suffer another resurrection. While I thought on these, the words of the prophetic pastor still rung in my ear, "Terrible will be their awakening, terrible the morning of their resurrection."

When I entered the burial yard, beside the little band who accompanied me, I expected to find it solitary, and was much surprised at the multitudes already assembled. But the few moments I had occupied my position, a constant current had been flowing through the gate-way, and the dust arising on the village road told me that the living tide was setting in the same direction. While I wondered what could have caused this movement of the people, I cast a look backward toward our village, and lo, a sword-shaped cloud, like that which overhung Jerusalem, rested on its churches, and as it waved in the winds of heaven, it flashed out in characters of fire—

"Wo to them that are at ease in Zion!"

As soon as I could unchain my gaze from this awful portent, I looked back upon the yard, and saw a people gathering to a centre of general attraction. I descended to join them, but my progress was impeded by a broken marble, which, my foot striking, turned up in such position as enabled me to read its epitaph. It bore the name of him whose brightening testimony I had heard the preceding evening, which had led me to revisit these solemn scenes. By this I knew that he had been there before me, that he had disinterred his talent; and my happiest hopes were realized.

I passed on to the scene of attraction, and heard, as I approached, a loud voice uttering warning and exhortation. It came from an old herald of Calvary, who had blown his trumpet for thirty years along the battlements of Zion; for a day he had descended from the walls to blow a resurrection blast among the dwellings of the dead. Hundreds had gathered round him, and scores were trembling and fainting beneath the word. I reached him only to hear his final exhortation. "Curse ye Meraz," he said, "who lifted his voice of warning;—Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion," and here he pointed to the waving sword. Then, with a separating glance which pierced every individual heart,—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." And then, in strains of melting melody,—"I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death! I will be thy plagues; O grave! I will be thy destruction." Then, with a comprehensive glance which covered the burial field, and with a voice which shook its mouldering monuments, he cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." The grass waved, the trees bowed, and the monuments trembled beneath the obedient breath. In answer to the preacher's prayer, it swept the ground and settled on the people. Then had the people a mind to work; not only those who came to disinter their talents, but those who followed as curious spectators. And as they hastened to the graves where their talents were interred, they found the stones already shaken, and the earth loosened; for the BREATH of the Lord had passed over them, and made easy the duties which he had demanded.

I was naturally anxious to know whether the talents whose epitaphs I had copied at the time of my former visit, had suffered a resurrection. The tall white tombstone of the preacher's talents told me that there all things continued as they were. Visiting the grave of my local brother, I found it rent and departed, and nothing but a few fragments of their monument reminded me that his talents had ever been buried. Not so with him who buried his talent through envy. The same cause which induced him to bury it seemed to have been active since his burial, and the turf was deeper and the grass higher around his memorial than before. The inscription of him who buried his talent only for a season, had been obliterated, and PRESUMPTION engraved in its stead by a warning hand. I was seeking the depository of Deacon H—, when another informed me that he was dead. The stone which marked the resting place of the talents of Elder G— was still standing, a lasting memorial of the sin of covetousness, which is idolatry. He who through inexperience "had fallen into the condemnation of the devil," had fallen into the hands of the destroyer, though himself had not yet been reinstated in the office from which he had fallen. The talents of the foremost hearers of the aged preacher, and while his herald voice was yet echoing among the tombs, he was seeking his talents among the graves. The laconic memorial of the Christian sister was still standing; the stone was somewhat shaken, the earth was somewhat loosened, but no one appeared to claim the half-buried talents. As nearly thirty years had elapsed since their interment, little doubt remained that they slept in death.

There were many scattered fragments bearing the date of 843; and I afterwards learned that many who buried their talents that year, "because their Lord delayed his coming," had since disinterred them, and still "loving till their appearing," had resolved to "improve till the Lord come."

I looked for the harp which hung upon the willow; the willow was there, but the harp was taken down; and as I inquired for its possessor, I was pointed to a noble youth who was marshalling his happy choir beneath the arms of a spreading oak, which stretched its branches over a corner of the burial yard.

As I looked upon him, he swept his lyre, and raising the rich melody of his voice, sang with his comrades these adoring strains:—

"While in the heavenly world we join,
Thy glory be our whole desire;
Thy glory, not our own—
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone."

To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honors of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise."

One scene of affecting interest must not pass unnoticed. A faithful mother led her daughter

to a monument, and paused before it. This was the inscription:—

Here lie the Christian talents,
Of ————
early consecrated to God.
For a few months they adorned the church of Christ,
and blessed the world;
But preferring the joys of earth
to the joys of heaven,
Their possessor took the gift from the heavenly altar,
and hid it in this grave.

This inscription bore the name of the beloved daughter—the talents were hers—the burial hers—the guiltiness hers. Her mother had purposely led her to the spot, and as she saw what her hands had done, she sunk beneath her overwhelming convictions. When she arose she met her mother's mildest eye, and her gentlest voice, saying, "daughter, lovest thou me?" "Lovest thou thy Savior?" Her heart melted in tenderness—her eyes overflowed with tears—and O, it was a happy sight, to see that child solicit that mother, and that mother assist that child to disinter her buried offering!

I had now left the scene, had it not been for the arrival of an unexpected procession. It was led by one whose visage was dark with desperation, and was followed by a train of weeping mourners. One raised his warning voice and cried, "see that thou do it not!" Another cried, "O young man, do thyself no harm; and yet another, 'He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it shall not be beaten with many stripes.'" But all in vain. The dark countenance of him who bore the talent was unmoved, till a form venerable with age presented itself before him, and a tremulous voice cried, "First, O boy, bury thy father, and bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!" That voice arrested the wayward son. He cast a look upon his imploring father, and knelt to his Father in Heaven. "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Save, Lord, or I perish." "I am no longer worthy to be called thy son, but make me one of thy hired servants." Such was his prayer, and a voice from heaven was heard answering, "Return unto me, ye backsliding children; I will heal your backslidings; I will love you freely." The father rushed to embrace his repentant son, and as he lifted him from the dust, he waved his hand in triumph, saying, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And the entire assembly which had gathered round, shouted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

While the welkin was ringing, and the earth reverberating with this shout of praise, I left the burial field, surrounded by a crowd of happy ones, who bore once more to fields of usefulness their unbursed talents. As we approached our village, we looked for the threatening sword which had hung over its churches, and lo! it was turned to a sceptre of mercy.

For the Herald and Journal.

DYING SAYINGS.

OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MINISTERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

No. III.

"OUR PEOPLE DIE WELL."

Having been asked, "Is your way clear?" he replied, "As clear as a sunbeam."—Wm. H. Stephens, A. 30.

"I am happy in God, and have a living hope, and a bright prospect of everlasting life."—John Moffitt, A. 36.

"Glory, glory, glory!"—Coles Carpenter, A. 50.

"My sufferings will soon be over. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—Andrew McCammon, A. 24.

"Glory, glory, glory! Sweet heaven, I am coming!"—N. B. Griffith, A. 36.

When one asked him, "Are you afraid to die?" he seemed surprised at the question, and said, "Surely, you do not think me a hypocrite!" "But you are really dying!" said another. "Then all is well!" he replied.—Thos. Neill, A. 27.

"All is well."—Bishop McKendree, A. 79.

"If religion is love, I feel it; I know I love God. God is love. All is peace."—Richard H. Lee, A. 26.

"All is well. Tell my brethren of the Pittsburgh Conference, that I die my post."—Thos. Drummond, A. 29.

Amid the shouts of praise at a camp-meeting, his spirit took its happy flight, sending word to his friends, "to meet him in heaven."—P. W. Clevy, A. 33.

"My body is in an agony of pain, but my soul is happy, happy, happy!"—Christopher Frye, A. 57.

"I have always expected to have a reasonable degree of comfort in my dying hour, but I never expected to enjoy such a deep, settled calm, as I now feel."—Thos. D. Allen, A. 34.

"The storm of life has at length blown over. The last tornado has passed by. The victory is gained, and heaven is mine! Sweet heaven of rest, it is mine! Hallelujah, hallelujah! My life has been spent, these fifty years past, in the ministry, but I do not regret it. All my sufferings, that laborious employment will render the heaven of eternal rest the sweeter."—Samuel Bibbins, A. 68.

"My work is done. Heaven is mine! Victory, victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb. Death has lost its sting. Come, Lord Jesus, come."—Rufus Stoddard, A. 30.

"Peace!"—Thos. Wiley, A. 30.

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Robert A. Smith, A. 27.

"O, sweet heaven, sweet heaven!"—A. McPherson, A. 34.

"Glory, glory! Now, brother, I am ready. I am ready to die or live, and suffer all the will of God. Tell my brethren they must be holy. Tell my brethren in the ministry, that in order for success in their work, they must both live and preach holiness."—Ariel Fay, A. 29.

"All is well. Christ the hope of glory—God is with me."—Alfred Metcalf, A. 60.

"I think it very probable I shall be located at Br. Cotton was at the last Conference, but I have no fear of death. Brethren, my feelings are most delightful; here is true simplicity; here is true grandeur."—Robert L. Kennon, A. 48.

"I have nothing to fear. I believe in the godhead of Christ, have preached it, lived on it, and now I die on it—glad to rest my everlasting all on the divinity of my Redeemer."—Jesse Richardson, A. 72.

"This is the valley of the shadow of death, but I go through, fearing no evil."—John Potts, A. 30.

"O how precious the Lord is to my soul."—J. W. Finley, A. 38.

"Tell the preachers of the Ohio, Michigan, and Arkansas Conferences, I die at my post, and in the sight of heaven."—H. Gering, A. 28.

"O the idea of meeting Jesus."—R. C. Jones, A. 30.

"All is well, all is well. I feel that Christ is with me; I never had such happy feelings in all my life."—J. J. Houseweare, A. 33.

"Glory to God! It is a good time to die.—I am ready."—George Stone, A. 38.

To Mrs. Fisk, he said, "Think not, when you see this poor, feeble body stretched in death, that that is your husband. O no! Your husband will have escaped free, and liberated from every clasp. He will have new plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions, to that celestial city of light and love. What! talk of burying your husband! No, never. Your husband cannot be buried; he will be in heaven."—Wilbur Fisk, A. 47.

"I am calm and peaceful. I have a good hope."—Roswell Putnam, A. 40.

"That Gospel which I have preached to others, I find to be my support and comfort in this trying hour. The cradle of death is fast rocking me away into eternity, and I am sure it rocks easy."—Wright Hazen, A. 38.

"My witness is in heaven, and my record is on high."—C. Danforth.

"As it respects my body, you see that it is fast sinking, and will soon be housed in the tomb; but as it respects the state of my mind, all seems to be about right. My faith is the same; my hope is the same; my love is the same; my prospect is clear; and whether you see me die or not, when I am gone, you may know all is well."—F. B. Butler, A. 36.

"All is clear, all is clear!"—Joseph Rusting, A. 51.

"If I die, there is not a doubt upon my mind that all is safe; my confidence is strong in the Lord; these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for me a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory."—Albert G. Wickware, A. 32.

Thus die men of God, whose powers have been consecrated to the great interests of eternity. Yours, O. C. BAKER.

Newmarket, N. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE WORKING PREACHER.

Mr. Editor,—A man of high distinction in literature says,—"Every one who has had the experience of a life of mere study, and opportunity also to compare it with a life of labor and action combined with study, can tell how much more valuable is such well economized leisure after the day's work abroad, than the tasks of a nervous and thought-jaded mind; and with what a greedier appetite and a more just and appreciating taste the instructive volume is devoured, when it is taken up as a recreation from out-door business and bodily toil."

Bishop Waugh recently visited the station near my early home, and expressed special appreciation to our friends that the glebe was provided for the pastor to work on; and called it a favor that he did not enjoy in Baltimore. Bishop Waugh's judgment is no mean authority. Most people who love labor, overwork themselves, and thus become stupid and dull; but one who is totally averse to labor is still more stupid, whether in or out of the pulpit.

The preacher that always edified me, could reap the handsomest of any man I ever saw try. One of the best revival and doctrinal ministers in New England, and a man of great mechanical skill, that "labors, working with his own hands." N. F., Jr.

EPHESUS.

A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived, than that which actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores; its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. It was early the stronghold of Christianity, and stands at the head of the apostolic churches of Asia. It was there that, as St. Paul says, "the word of God grew mightily and prevailed." Not a single Christian now dwells within it! Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls, merrily whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the scrutiny of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the "first wonder of the world."—Letters from the Aegean.

A PROLIFIC PREACHER.

Most preachers of the present day think it no easy matter to write a complete sermon. Judging, however, from some specimens of which we read, it did not use to be so, nor, at least, with many preachers. Fraser, in his "Walk across Bohemia," gives the following example:—

"Balthazar Kurnher published a volume containing five hundred and sixty-eight sermons.—Two of his folio volumes contain three hundred and sixty-four sermons on the brief Scriptural history of Tobias. There are thirty-four on the short Epistle of Jude, and sixty on that of St. James. Another volume contains thirty-two on Ruth; and he also published a gaily bound tome, consisting of one hundred and five marriage poems, as they are called, being so many sermons preached at the marriage ceremony, when it is customary for a German bride to furnish the preacher with a special text for the occasion."

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

It is high time to awake from lethargy, and bestir ourselves for God. May the minister of the everlasting gospel never fail to hold forth the complete salvation of the Son of God, without the least reserve; and may the people learn to prove the excellency of what they preach, by living as becomes the high vocation into which they are called; then let who will oppose, certain I am, terrible as an army with banners, from conquering to conquer, shall we proceed in our spiritual combat, for our God will bless us, enabling us to persevere unto the end.—Hill.

CALAMITIES OF GENIUS.

"Milton, proscribed and poor, descended in utter blindness

For the Herald and Journal.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.
WORCESTER DISTRICT.

This convention met, according to previous appointment, at Park Street Church, Worcester, Nov. 11, and was called to order by Br. J. Porter, Presiding Elder of the District, and was organized by the appointment of J. Porter, President, M. Pike, Vice President, L. Boyden, and J. S. J. Girdley, Secretaries. The Divine blessing was then invoked by J. W. Lewis, after which a business Committee was appointed, consisting of J. W. Lewis, C. Foristall, W. Gordon, C. B. Robbins, J. T. Hobbs, and C. W. Allen. The reports were then read, and the following resolutions were adopted: A majority of the society of the District were represented, but it was a source of regret that delegates were not present from every society, to participate in the deliberations, and to the interest, and realize the benefits of the exercises of the district and the reports and proceedings.

State of the Schools in regard to numbers.—Some are small, many have increased, and some have had great accessions during the past year.

Conventions.—In a number of the reports this interesting item was omitted. As far as reported, it appears that in some societies there have been no conversions, but in the larger number from two to eight have been converted to God.

Literature.—Following the libraries there have been additions of from 40 to 175 volumes. In some societies books have been taken and not returned, and consequently lost to the schools. That is an affliction which is generally quite unnecessary, if the right method is pursued in the delivery of books.

Reading the Bible.—One school, a girl, aged 9, and a boy, aged 7, have each read through the Bible since Jan. 1st. Another boy, of 7, has read it through once, and partly again; and a number of the children are nearly at the close of the first reading, during the same time.

After hearing the reports, the business committee presented resolutions, which were adopted unanimously, after an animated and interesting discussion, in which the following brethren took a part: J. D. Bridger, M. Staple, J. S. J. Girdley, T. W. Gile, J. W. Lewis, G. W. Bates, C. W. Allen, A. Walton, C. B. Robbins, M. Pike, F. Bill, J. Esty, L. Boyden, A. A. Cook, G. W. Weeks, and A. Ellis. The President also occasionally vacated the chair for the Vice President, and took part in the discussion.

The resolutions referred to the duty of ministers, Sabbath School teachers, parents, and professors of religion, in regard to the Sabbath School cause, the qualification of teachers, &c., &c.

The Duty of Ministers.—It was the opinion of the convention, that the minister should regard the Sabbath School as a very important part of his charge, and should seek, in all proper ways, to promote its interests; but that he may generally render greater service to the school in other ways than by connecting himself with a particular class as a teacher.

Sabbath School Teachers.—All were of the opinion, 1st. That the essential characteristic of a good Sabbath School teacher, is a burning desire to do good; and that when this is deeply fixed in the soul, the teacher will be patient, faithful, and useful; but where this is wanting, neglect, both of the lessons and class, will be the consequence. 2d. That the object of Sabbath School instruction, is the salvation of pupils; and that teachers should aim at this as the immediate result of their labors. 3d. That the employment of unconverted persons, or those who have no present interest in religion, as teachers, is highly impolitic, where it is possible to avoid it, as it is impracticable for them, in their present state, to appreciate the work, or contribute much toward the end it contemplates.

Some facts were related as an encouragement to faithful teachers, though they may not see the immediate fruit of their labors in the conversion of their pupils. A brother remarked, that when he was stationed at —, he was called from his bed, late at night, to visit a leading infidel in the place, supposed to be dying. He found him in great distress, both of body and mind. Enveloped in the dark cloud of infidelity, no ray of hope penetrated the dreadful gloom. He felt that he was in the presence of a God, whose existence he had long denied, and exposed to the miseries of an awful hell, which he had often made his refuge. He soon gave his heart to Christ, became a happy man, and is now a minister of the Gospel.

The Duty of Parents.—Though a great responsibility rests on S. S. teachers, it was the opinion of the convention that the parental responsibility rests upon parents, which cannot be transferred to a S. S. teacher, however competent that teacher may be. Their views on this subject were expressed as follows:—

"The S. S. institution does not in the least lessen parental responsibility, but is to be regarded as auxiliary in the moral and religious culture of children, and that, without parental co-operation, little good, comparatively, can be accomplished."

Duty of Professors of Religion.—From the reports, it appears that some of our brethren and sisters in Christ decline any interest in the Sabbath school, and a brother asked to speak on this subject, but remarked that it would be like preaching on the Sabbath to a congregation who through the storm had found their way to the house of God, on the importance of being at church every Sabbath, those for whom the remarks were designed were probably absent. Much, however, was said, and then the views of the convention were expressed as follows:—

"The Sabbath school, aiming as it does at the conversion of our youth, and furnishing an appropriate medium of action to them in reference to this subject, should receive the best endeavors of all the members of the church; and those who decline to participate in its exercises without substantial reasons, give strong ground of suspicion that they do not care for souls as becometh their profession."

Question and Note Books.—A variety are now in use on the district. Many, probably, are as good as have been published. Others possess many excellencies which all must admire, but amid those excellencies are intermingled errors sufficient to exclude them from our schools. The following is an expression of the views of the convention:—"Whereas, there are various Question and Note Books in use among us, which are highly tainted with what we regard to be dangerous error, therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend the use of Question and Note Books published by our own denomination."

It was voted to publish the proceedings in the Herald and Journal, after which the convention adjourned.

We left our Worcester friends, the next morning, who had kindly entertained us, and doubtless all were wiser and probably better in consequence of the privilege we had enjoyed.

Holliston, Nov. 18. LUCIAN BOYDEN, Sec.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE LONDON CONVENTION.

Dear Br. Stevens,—From the first announcement of the project, all your readers know that you have taken great interest in the formation of an "Evangelical Alliance," and now that the convention is past, and the Alliance created, and a sort of preliminary addenda tacked on to its character, through the influence of the American Delegates, you still, in every reference, make it the most glorious movement of the age! So it would have been had the Alliance remained true to humanity—not to say Christianity—Alas, for the most eminent, the leading ministers of our country! They bled the soonest at the shrines of Mammon and Fame. You see to what I refer.—The shareholders are and will be admitted to the most cordial embrace of this great reformatory organization!

This you cannot but see. Why then does the Herald bring us no note of warning and denunciation?

You announce in to-day's paper that Dr. Cox and Peck are mainly charged with the management of the matters of the Alliance this side of the Atlantic; that is, so far as bringing the subject before the American churches is concerned; but not one word does our editor say in reference to the practical invitation slaveholders have received to come into the American branch of the Alliance! Well, I have only to say, if they are admitted, *tricked-out* abolitionists will stand aloof. See if they don't.

Br. Stevens, my heart is full; but I am not now prepared to discuss this matter in *extenso*. I only write to stir you up. This feature of the Alliance must be canvassed—and you are the man to do it.—Your pen is eloquent and strong, and your voice will be heard. Speak, I beseech you, and place the subject in its true light before your readers. Take what I have written for a text, if you like, but let us have the sermon soon.

A NEW ENGLISH MINISTER.

For the Herald and Journal.

LIGHT WANTED.

"OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND LET IN LIGHT."

Br. Stevens.—You rightly judge that the London Convention "is the great subject of interest at present." In many respects, at least, our most sanguine expectations are more than realized. In the topics introduced—the public speeches delivered—and the doctrinal basis agreed upon, there is, to every pious heart, abundant cause of rejoicing. We mistake if the evangelic world does not, in joyous acclaim, respond amen! to the prevailing sentiment of these that we want increased light. It will be recollected that "the call" for the convention said something about the exciting topic of slavery, and we mistake if connection with this evil, ecclesiastically, was not deemed a sufficient reason to exclude one altogether from any lot or part in the convention. But in the basis of union, slavery (not *nothing* practical) is made a test. Now, Mr. Editor, with this item in "the call," can it be there was nothing said or done in relation to slavery? We had hoped for a practical, as well as a doctrinal basis, and that was made a test in "the call," would be made a test in the basis of union. It has been suggested that the convention left practical tests to the different branches that are to be organized, and, per consequence, left the question of American slavery to the American branch that is to be, or (perhaps we should say) now is.—Will Br. Webster, who, it appears, is to write for the Herald a series of letters on the convention, or some one else who was present, inform us whether this item of "the call" was obsolete then—what was done with it—and how the matter now stands?

Mass., Oct. 20. LECIUS.

HERALD AND JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1846.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND SLAVERY.

We have expressed our satisfaction with the proceedings of the great London Convention, and are frank to affirm that this satisfaction extends even to its position in respect to slavery. We know not, indeed, how it could have assumed any other position on that difficult subject. Our feelings would incline us to wish that every agency on earth, in heaven, and even in hell, might be arrayed against the diabolical institution of slavery; but our judgment would dictate that this would not be wisest, and therefore not best. There are many agencies which have their specific applications. From these they cannot safely, and therefore ought not to be diverted. The great calamity of the abolition movement has been a want of discrimination in such cases. All occasions, places, seasons, and agencies have been demanded as the property of this one object. A few general principles have been assumed, their applications defined in the abstract, and then all considerations of prudence spurned. Hence, the Sabbath, the ministry, the divine authority of the Scriptures, the constitution of the church, have all been attacked, as in the way. We speak, of course, of a portion of the movement—but no inconsiderable one.

In the call of the London Convention, the precaution was taken to keep out any pro-slavery influence which might control the character of the assembly, that it might without embarrassment determine what its course, if any, should be in respect to slavery.—In the convention, the subject was fully canvassed, and the result was, that the Alliance decided that it could not determine a practical basis, but merely a doctrinal one, leaving questions of practical morals to the local sections, or the disciplinary regime of individual churches. There was evidently a strong, a mighty feeling in the convention against slavery, but the singular prudence of the body, which dissipated so many other clouds, led them aright here. What was their final course, then? Simply this, if we understand it.—That as its basis was purely doctrinal, as it left all practical matters of religious discipline for individual churches, or local sections of the Alliance, it would not take the anomalous course of acting on this evil alone, but leave it, as it did all others, to the churches or local organizations concerned. We put it to the prudent judgment of all men, if the assembly could have acted differently, and acted wisely! Slavery is a great evil; still, it is but one of the great sins of our fallen world; if it had, where would have been the end? What harmonization of the multitude of minds assembled could ever have been effected? The Convention met for a specific purpose—the union of Christians on a common doctrinal basis;—a great practical evil existed in one section of the Christian world, to intermeddle with which would have been a deviation from its policy in all other respects, and would seriously, if not fatally, embarrass its proceedings; it therefore secured itself, by leaving this, as it did all other points of practical discipline, to the locality concerned. We say it acted wisely.

Our brethren, then, who have written on the subject, in another place, we think misjudge the Convention. The Christian abolitionists of Europe, we think, approve generally the course of the convention. The rabid "Come-outers," Garrison, Wright, and Douglass, are the instigators of opposition to it. The American who introduced the difficulty into the convention, was, we are informed, the notorious Millerite, *Himes*—a man who has been known as a dueller of the Godhead of our Lord, and who therefore had no right to a place in the Convention, according to the articles of the doctrinal basis, but who nevertheless persisted in his attendance at it as a member.

Let the convention, then, be understood. The question of slavery will come before the American section of the Alliance. That will be its proper battleground, and there let it be coolly but intrepidly met. The good and wise men who have the preliminaries for the formation of this section in their hands, cannot but see at a glance that there can be no American section, if the "abomination that maketh desolate," slavery, is allowed to intrude into it. It is useless to evade here; it is folly to propose silence or reserve. The state of the public sentiment cannot be mistaken; and it will be wisest for the brethren concerned to prepare for it.

Mr. Himes was a preacher in the Christian sect.

BALTIMORE FAMILY VISITOR.—Will our brother Editor of this paper please send us his number for the 7th inst.

LETTER FROM REV. F. A. CRAFTS.

Turkey in Connecticut.—Still—Wadsworth Athenaeum, at Hartford—Battle Ground at Princeton, N. J.

In passing through the land of "steady habits," I observed that the inhabitants were confirmed in the "habit" of asking allies, and I was led to remark, as it is often said of some other places, that "traveling is very unpleasant, on account of the great number of beggars." Yet almshouses are numerous, and many may always know by the sign of a pole, not like that of a barber, but stretching all across the way. To be plain, I think it a disgrace to any State to allow so great a portion of their public roads to be obstructed by fences across them. From what I learned, I think many of the inhabitants of the State (and other States with like practices) are now repeating their having granted so long charters to these turpitude companies. As soon as the present charters expire, we may look for reform.

I find that there are some places where the "worm of the still" yet lurks, not secretly, but in the face of day, singing merrily to death. In East Windsor, Conn., where, a few years since, the smoke of the pit ascended from some three or four establishments, there remains but one in operation. How many by this last are annually sent to the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's hell, I am unable to tell; never am I able to report the number of paupers manufactured.

In many places, the use of ardent spirits is increasing, it is said. This I report, not as discouragement, but to arouse the public to increased efforts to put far away this all-destroying enemy. It is a Herculean task, but "we are well able" to do it. God will succeed the right. Let us remember that it is not the fiftieth, but the fearless, ceaseless action of the advocates of truth, that will bring the citadel to surrender.

In passing through Hartford, I visited the Wadsworth Athenaeum, where, among a vast collection of links binding the past to us, I saw an iron pot, and a large chest, brought by the Pilgrim Fathers, when, amid the chilling blasts of December, they landed on the "Plymouth Rock." It required no stretch of fancy to bring up the helpless children, and woman's frail, trembling form—to catch glimpses of eyes dim with tears, once fixed upon that vessel, smoking, perhaps, with the last of all their store of food. There was the howling beast, and there the ruthless savage. But above the storm is heard the voice of prayer—higher they came to make an offering to God—not that "which costs nothing"—the purchase was made with hunger and thirst, with perils by land and perils by sea, with pangs of body and deeper pangs of heart. How rich must be the reward of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, that the truth, as they esteemed it, might be the legacy of their children. They erred, 'tis true, and contradicted in practice their grand idea, but it would be well for the present generation to follow their example, in guarding, as far as possible, the interests of their children. Take heed lest they inhale the tainted atmosphere, and die, and their blood cry against you from the ground.

The spot where I now sit, was once shaken with the blood of death; this soil was stained with the blood of those who were called husbands, brothers, sons and fathers; but the tide of mercy did not cease with that crimson current; hear us and homes

were made desolate for ever, where lately dwelt gladness, like the daily sunshine, and deep affections glowed, the fair relic of Eden's beauty. From that hour, in spite of the shout of victory, the light of many eyes grew dim, in tears that would not cease, and many a trusting heart beat sadly, till the tabernacle was shaken down.

Yesterday I passed through the battle ground in Princeton, and saw the house in which General Mercer died, in consequence of bayonet wounds, in the midst of his foes. And at this very hour, the work of death is prosecuted, and men shed the blood of man. O, is death, with his all-sweeping commission, and irresistible might, in want of allies? From our firesides are passing the young, the hopeful; the fair and the many are falling, and I ask, will not this suffice? Let the hopes that, like withered flowers, cover the plains of Matamoros and Monterey—let the young widow's lamentations—let those little orphans plead, and may they not plead in vain. O when will nations learn war no more!

"When will peace wreath her chain round us for ever? When will our hearts repose Safe from this storm that blows?"

O, thou Prince of peace, save us! As ever, F. A. CRAFTS. Princeton, N. J., Nov. 14.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM REV. G. WEBBER.

Company—Religious Services—Prince Albert at Liverpool—Queen Victoria.

After the affair at Halifax, referred to in my last, the remainder of our voyage to Liverpool was tolerably pleasant, particularly as far as wind and weather were concerned. Our company, as is usual in such cases, presented quite a variety—some very agreeable, some quite otherwise. According to the taste of the company, so also were the entertainments, especially so far as we were permitted to make our dictation. No obstruction, as I could learn, was thrown in the way of wine, cards, cigars, or songs, either by day or by night, except on the Sabbath, when cards and songs were suspended. But when a few of us applied for the use of one of the cabins to hold religious services in, we were told very distinctly, that it was "against the wishes of the company to have religious services performed on board the ships of this line, except by ministers of the Establishment;" so, as there was no such minister among us, we were allowed no public services all the time we were on board. It might be a matter of some interest, to be informed whether there is any stipulation between Her Majesty's government, and the Atlantic Majesty, that she shall be allowed a monopoly on board Her Majesty's Royal Mail Steamships. So it might seem from the above procedure.

After a long passage of fifteen days, including the time of our detention at Halifax, we arrived at Liverpool about 3 o'clock, P. M., July 31st. This was a great day at Liverpool, as was evident the moment we came in sight of the city and harbor; flags and streamers of all nations, colors and descriptions, from all the vessels in port, were floating in the breeze, while the harbor was alive with boats and steamers, dashing along in their grandest style, enlivened with bands of music, and all crowded to their utmost capacity; on shore, also, all was pastime and gaiety. On coming into the dock, we learned that "His Royal Highness," Prince Albert, had been there, to assist in laying the corner stone of the Marine Hospital, about to be erected in that place.

It is really amusing, to a Yankee, to witness the fuss and folly every where displayed in England, on these public occasions, particularly when honored with the presence of "Her Majesty," or "His Royal Highness." I am, however, pretty well satisfied, that but for his connection with royalty, that idol of England, Prince Albert, would be of very little consequence, and would be held in very light esteem by Her Majesty's subjects. It also admits of some doubt, whether there is any very profound respect even for the Queen herself, only as she is the representative of power; and from hints, not very obscurely expressed, in various circles, the doubt in my own mind is about as great, whether she very highly deserves it, either on account of the endowments of her mind, or the attractions of her person. She is allowed to be of a very nervous temperament, and no little care is necessary to keep her from aberrations of mind. Hence, as much as possible, she is kept from excitement, spending much of her time, particularly in the warm season, in visiting, making excursions, and attending places of amusement. All this, however, as far as the government is concerned, is a matter of very little importance. A straw queen, if the people could be kept in ignorance of the matter, would be about as good as any other.—Indeed, it might admit of a doubt, whether the gratification of the wish of an Englishman sometime ago expressed, "that they had a cast iron king," is not, on some accounts, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

There would be the advantage of perpetuity, and beside, it would materially lessen the expense of the royal family, now so onerous. But let all this pass. If England is satisfied, why not others? And after all that has been said to the contrary, I think there are few people more attached to their government than the English.

Nov. 9. GEO. WEBBER.

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After the affair at Halifax, referred to in my last, the remainder of our voyage to Liverpool was tolerably pleasant, particularly as far as wind and weather were concerned. Our company, as is usual in such cases, presented quite a variety—some very agreeable, some quite otherwise. According to the taste of the company, so also were the entertainments, especially so far as we were permitted to make our dictation. No obstruction, as I could learn, was thrown in the way of wine, cards, cigars, or songs, either by day or by night, except on the Sabbath, when cards and songs were suspended. But when a few of us applied for the use of one of the cabins to hold religious services in, we were told very distinctly, that it was "against the wishes of the company to have religious services performed on board the ships of this line, except by ministers of the Establishment;" so, as there was no such minister among us, we were allowed no public services all the time we were on board. It might be a matter of some interest, to be informed whether there is any stipulation between Her Majesty's government, and the Atlantic Majesty, that she shall be allowed a monopoly on board Her Majesty's Royal Mail Steamships. So it might seem from the above procedure.

After a long passage of fifteen days, including the time of our detention at Halifax, we arrived at Liverpool about 3 o'clock, P. M., July 31st. This was a great day at Liverpool, as was evident the moment we came in sight of the city and harbor; flags and streamers of all nations, colors and descriptions, from all the vessels in port, were floating in the breeze, while the harbor was alive with boats and steamers, dashing along in their grandest style, enlivened with bands of music, and all crowded to their utmost capacity; on shore, also, all was pastime and gaiety. On coming into the dock, we learned that "His Royal Highness," Prince Albert, had been there, to assist in laying the corner stone of the Marine Hospital, about to be erected in that place.

It is really amusing, to a Yankee, to witness the fuss and folly every where displayed in England, on these public occasions, particularly when honored with the presence of "Her Majesty," or "His Royal Highness." I am, however, pretty well satisfied, that but for his connection with royalty, that idol of England, Prince Albert, would be of very little consequence, and would be held in very light esteem by Her Majesty's subjects. It also admits of some doubt, whether there is any very profound respect even for the Queen herself, only as she is the representative of power; and from hints, not very obscurely expressed, in various circles, the doubt in my own mind is about as great, whether she very highly deserves it, either on account of the endowments of her mind, or the attractions of her person. She is allowed to be of a very nervous temperament, and no little care is necessary to keep her from aberrations of mind. Hence, as much as possible, she is kept from excitement, spending much of her time, particularly in the warm season, in visiting, making excursions, and attending places of amusement. All this, however, as far as the government is concerned, is a matter of very little importance. A straw queen, if the people could be kept in ignorance of the matter, would be about as good as any other.—Indeed, it might admit of a doubt, whether the gratification of the wish of an Englishman sometime ago expressed, "that they had a cast iron king," is not, on some accounts, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

There would be the advantage of perpetuity, and beside, it would materially lessen the expense of the royal family, now so onerous. But let all this pass. If England is satisfied, why not others? And after all that has been said to the contrary, I think there are few people more attached to their government than the English.

Nov. 9. GEO. WEBBER.

were made desolate for ever, where lately dwelt gladness, like the daily sunshine, and deep affections glowed, the fair relic of Eden's beauty. From that hour, in spite of the shout of victory, the light of many eyes grew dim, in tears that would not cease, and many a trusting heart beat sadly, till the tabernacle was shaken down.

Yesterday I passed through the battle ground in Princeton, and saw the house in which General Mercer died, in consequence of bayonet wounds, in the midst of his foes. And at this very hour, the work of death is prosecuted, and men shed the blood of man. O, is death, with his all-sweeping commission, and irresistible might, in want of allies? From our firesides are passing the young, the hopeful; the fair and the many are falling, and I ask, will not this suffice? Let the hopes that, like withered flowers, cover the plains of Matamoros and Monterey—let the young widow's lamentations—let those little orphans plead, and may they not plead in vain. O when will nations learn war no more!

"When will peace wreath her chain round us for ever? When will our hearts repose Safe from this storm that blows?"

O, thou Prince of peace, save us! As ever, F. A. CRAFTS. Princeton, N. J., Nov. 14.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Sunday School department of our Book establishment seems to be thoroughly earnest in its work. Volume after volume of excellent library books comes forth almost daily. We have on our table a budget, consisting of the following attractive works:

Moffat and the Bechuans. Martyrs of Bohemia. Edith, the Young Teacher. Memoirs of Dr. W. F. Arnold. Letters to Children. The Solar System.

Children's Prayers and the Lord's Prayer Explained. Book of the Lord. Sketches of the Waldenses. Solar System, Part II. Glimpses of the Dark Ages. Old Humphrey's Pithy Sayings. Zuzendoff.

Lessons from the Birds. Gehazi. John Daglist. Important Question. Good Resolutions.

Our Sunday School books, let it be understood, can be had now as cheap as those of the American or any other Union in the land. The list is large, and constantly enlarging. Look to your libraries, brethren, and see that they keep pace with the issues at New York.—Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

SKETCHES AND SKELETONS OF SERMONS.—Appleton, New York, has issued a large octavo volume, containing five hundred skeletons and sketches of Sermons, suited for all occasions, not excepting special ones, and including nearly one hundred on types and metaphors. They are from the pen of the author of the Pulpit Cyclopaedia, and have passed through six English editions. We have never used these pulpits, and cannot positively speak of their advantages or disadvantages. From examination of the present volume, we have received a very favorable impression of both the evangelical and critical character of the outlines. The author is a good and able man. If such a book is desired, this is the one.—Sermonizing must be easy work, with such a help; and there is a class of very excellent preachers who may be essentially benefited by such aids; a class who are very able at filling out, but not at skeletonizing a discourse. They have matter, but lack system. To such we commend it. Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

NOTES' HEBREW READER.—Mr. Noyes is well known to many of our readers as the author of an "Introduction to the Hebrew Language," and as a "very successful teacher of that venerable tongue. Under the above title, he has issued a new and practical system for its acquisition, which strikes us as remarkably excellent. It consists of, first, the alphabet, with the pronunciation fully indicated; secondly, reading lessons in Hebrew, from the Old Testament; third, marginal definitions of the most important words of the lesson on each page; fourth, grammatical notes in the margin, as they may be needed, that the student may not have to learn what he will be sure to forget before he has occasion to reduce it to practice. This outline will show to the student that the method of the volume is truly admirable. We recommend it heartily to all our preachers who wish to learn this, the most venerable and easiest of languages. The work is most creditably "got up." See advertisement. Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill, Boston.

THE TRINITY, and Modern Arianism, is the title of an able little volume in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity against the Arianism of Campbellites, Hickites, New-Schools, Universalists, "Christians," Mormons, &c., &c., by Rev. H. Mattison. The line of argument is, and must be, the usual one, but is vigorously and closely traced, and in a style adapted to popular readers. Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Harper & Brothers, New York, have issued an excellent epitome of the Revolutionary History of the United States. It is one of the publications of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and is remarkably impartial. Rev. Dr. Blake has made some valuable improvements in the present edition.—Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

SPURZHEIM'S PHRENOLOGY.—The Harpers have issued, in a very fine octavo volume, the two volumes of Spurzheim's great work on Phrenology. It is a superb specimen of typography, and the plates are abundant and well executed. Of the science itself we say nothing; we leave it to the wranglers of the doctors; but Spurzheim, whatever may be their differences, will always be an important authority in cerebral anatomy and physiology.—Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

HIGH AND LOW MASS IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. Jordan & Wiley have published, under the above title, another scathing pamphlet, from the pen of William Hogan, against the Roman Church. Mr. H. is thoroughly acquainted with the interior scenes of the Papal Church, and if a tittle of what he says is true, no reader can doubt that it is antichrist from centre to circumference.

SCHILLER'S celebrated History of the Thirty Years' War, has been republished by the Harpers, in the excellent style of their "New Miscellany." The translation is Morrison's, and is pronounced a very accurate one.—Waite, Peirce & Co., 1 Cornhill.

THE YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN'S ALMANAC. Young Safford, so well known for his remarkable endowments, has issued another Almanac, for 1847. The astronomical calculations are by himself. The miscellaneous matter, we presume, is from another pen, and is marred by violent attacks on Rev. H. W. Adams, in reply to his remarks on the preceding Almanac. We do not believe that Mr. Safford has sanctioned this abuse of Mr. Adams, and hope he will take means of exculpating the latter from the blame so liberally poured upon him in this publication.

A COURSE OF READING, for common schools and the lower classes of Academies, has been prepared by Prof. Mandeville, of Hamilton College, on the plan of

THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Lord let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to the happy land,
Come, come away;
Why wilt ye doubting stand?
Why delay?
O, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Then shall his kingdom come,
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Br. RODNEY HANKS died Nov. 6, aged 64 years. For about thirty years Br. Hanks had been walking in the narrow way, and truly he gave "all diligence to make his calling and election sure." In the sanctuary, at the prayer meeting, and in the class, his seat was seldom vacant. Holiness was his theme, and the salvation of God in his soul was a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life. He was short, but powerful, and consequently he was able to converse but little. To the writer of this he remarked that he had a settled peace; that he felt he was in good hands, that God would do just right by him, whether he lived or died. His end was peace, and on the Sabbath following, his remains were carried to the place where he had so long and so often worshipped, followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends, who were addressed by the writer of this from Rev. 14: 13.

JOHN BLACKMER.

Mansfield, Conn., Nov. 11.

Widow LYDIA COLBY died in Bristol, N. H., Oct. 25, of fever, aged 69. Sister Colby had long been a member of the M. E. Church, adorning her profession by a well ordered life. She died in peace, sustained by the precious hopes of the gospel.

LEWIS HOWARD.

Bristol, N. H., Nov. 9.

Mr. POTTER PEABODY died in Topsfield, Nov. 5, aged 65. Up to within a few weeks of his death, he had lived what is usually termed a good moral life. But soon after the commencement of the sickness which terminated in death, he was so powerfully impressed with a sense of his sinfulness as almost to despair of mercy. In this dreadful depression of mind, to use his own language, Christ appeared over the mountain of his sins as the mighty to save; light broke in upon his darkness, bringing with it peace and joy through believing. He passed peacefully away, in the calm confidence of Christian faith, leaving a large circle of friends, "sorrowing, yet not as those without hope."

JOHN PAULSON.

Nov. 11.

Mrs. JANE PERHAM died of apoplexy, in Derry, N. H., Nov. 8, aged 60 years. Sister Perham experienced the renewing grace of God at the early age of fifteen, but in consequence of not being permitted to attend the meetings, and associate with the people of her choice, she soon fell into a backslidden state, in which she lived till the year 1823, when, under the faithful labors of Rev. O. Hinds, she was reclaimed, and shortly after received into the M. E. Church, of which she lived and died a worthy member. From the family of this departed sister two have been raised up to stand as watchmen on the walls of Zion.

"The soul of our sister is gone
To lighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus' throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love."

EZEKIEL ADAMS.

Derry, N. H., Nov. 11.

Sister MARTHA J. HOWES, wife of brother Enoch Howes, died in this city, Oct. 28, in great peace. The amount of suffering endured by this pious and devoted sister in the Lord seldom falls to the lot of any of our race. For years she had been the subject of great physical pain, but more especially for the last year. Her wasting health was supposed to be occasioned by a tumor on the abdomen, which constantly enlarged with the passing away of life, so that her appearance was painful to the beholder. A few weeks previous to death, it was decided by her physician that she was dropping. From this announcement she felt a great desire to have the water taken away by tapping. This was done, and a temporary relief ensued. She was in a very happy and submissive state of mind. She said to me, "My hope is cast within the veil; I shall be saved; and if I die my spirit will ascend to my God." Soon after this she became worse, and suffered, for a few days, most excruciating pain, and fell asleep in Jesus, triumphing over death and the grave.

A. D. MERRILL.

Boston, Nov. 5.

Br. ZINA BURGESS died in Phippsburg, Me., Nov. 10, aged 27 years. Some time in July last, the typhus fever attacked his father, and assuming a malignant character, cut him down. Soon after, a son was taken; and since then, three lovely daughters, all of whom died in peace—over whom our dear brother constantly watched and prayed, till at last the fever seized him also. After patiently suffering about three weeks, he yielded up his useful life, leaving his deeply afflicted and pious mother, a brother and two sisters, with a large circle of relatives, to mourn their loss. He was a worthy pattern to youth. As a citizen, he was eminently a peace-maker. He joined the Methodist Church, and lived a faithful member about eight years, a pattern of piety to all. As a church leader, a steward, and a superintendent of the Sabbath School, he was faithful; and the church in this place very sensibly feel their loss. But we all have this comfort, that our loss is his infinite and eternal gain. His last words to me were, "I feel a sweet peace."

JESSE HARRIMAN.

Phippsburg, Nov. 12.

Mrs. BETSEY BUNKER, wife of Isaac Bunker, died in No. 7, east of Sullivan, Me., Oct. 12, aged 55. Sister B., some few years since, renounced the vanities of the world, and embraced the religion of the Savior, and at a suitable time she joined the M. E. Church, in which she lived a worthy member until death. She was the subject of considerable suffering, but more so for the last two weeks. Her earthly sufferings are at an end, and we trust she now rests with Jesus, having left to her friends a good evidence of her acceptance with God.

H. CHASE.

Sullivan, Me., Oct. 28.

BENJAMIN, son of Mr. Elijah Arnold, died in Greenville, Conn., Oct. 21, aged 15. He was one of our most devoted Sabbath School scholars, while able to attend. He died of a lingering disease, and for several months he was a great sufferer, all of which he endured with remarkable patience. Though he had been a dutiful child, and strictly moral in all his habits, he felt unprepared for a heaven of sinless purity. He sought earnestly a qualification, and several weeks previous to his exit he experienced the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. The change was remarkably clear, and strikingly demonstrative of the truth and excellency of the Christian religion. In an increasing happy state of mind he continued to converse and praise God, to the great comfort of his parents, and we trust, with much profit to all who saw him, until he finally took his leave of earth, without a sigh or groan, and his triumphant spirit winged its way to the rest of saints above, to all the rapturous song of sinners saved by grace.

S. BENTON.

Norwich, Nov. 2.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE ROBERTS, wife of William S. Roberts, of Lincoln, Me., died Nov. 10, aged 40. Sister Roberts experienced religion in her youth, and was one of the first Methodists in this town. Perhaps it is not too much to say she was one of the worthiest of Christ's disciples. I do not remember ever to have seen any sister of our church who was more devoted to the cause of Christ than she. She was the prime instrument, through God, of establishing the cause of Methodism in this place. Her natural energy of character and firmness of purpose, combined with a firm, unyielding confidence in Christ, rendered her indefatigable in all the duties of her station in the church and world. It was enough for her that God had spoken—she believed God. But she has gone to her rest. After a sickness of less than two weeks, caused by apoplexy, she fell asleep in Jesus. Though dead, yet she liveth. Yes, here name is not only inscribed upon the hearts of a husband and three children, but upon the hearts of all who knew her best.

Lincoln, Me., Nov. 13.

A. C. GODFREY.

Br. EDWIN BRADBURY died of consumption, Sept. 24, aged 33. Br. Bradbury, a work of grace when young, but when mature years came on, amid life's gathering cares he lost sight of the cross, and darkness overspread his path. But a short time before his exit, heaven's sunlight came to his spirit, and he departed in great peace, leaving to his friends and church a striking evidence of final victory.

Buxton, Nov. 9.

E. A. STOCKMAN.

Sister REBECCA A. OWENS died Oct. 24, aged 21. She was converted at the age of 16, and gave the brightest evidence of a present Savior till the day of her death. Her final hour was crowned with signal victory over sin and death. Her last words will be long remembered by her friends and the church.

E. A. STOCKMAN.

Buxton, Nov. 9.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. XVIII.

FURTHER OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

I know not that my general plan will be favorably or unfavorably received. I anticipate, however, much opposition, and that from different quarters, originating from a variety of causes. Those in the free States may object that they are under no obligation to contribute to this object, because this would be unjust, inasmuch as they have already sacrificed their slaves upon the altar of freedom, and therefore they have done their part towards effecting emancipation.

Allowing this to be even so, it does not follow that they have done all that Christianity requires at their hands. This requires of its disciples, not only that they should do justly, but also that they should love mercy. Nor does it limit its requirements to those who are friends, but it includes our enemies within the circle of our benevolence. While the priest and Levite look on with cold indifference upon the wounded traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho, helpless and weltering in his blood, the good Samaritan in compassion upon his own beast, and commits him to the innkeeper, with the promise of ample remuneration for all his expense and trouble. Christianity, in dealing out its precepts, does not stop nicely to balance the claims of justice between man and man, but it calls upon its disciples rather to imitate its adorable Author, who, though he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, emptied himself, took the form of a servant, and became poor, he, through his poverty, might be made rich. Hence its followers are called upon to imitate Him who manifested his compassion to our fellow world, by that stupendous love which led him to give himself a sacrifice for us, that he might deliver us from the cruel thralldom of sin, and restore us to the purity and dignity of free men and women in Christ Jesus.

Allowing, therefore, that Southern slaveholders have no claim upon the citizens of the free States, on the principles of justice, still we cannot deny them, without abjuring the peculiarities of our holy Christianity, a claim upon our compassion, upon our mercy, upon our benevolence. If, by extending this act of Christian generosity towards them, we may be instrumental in persuading them to liberate their slaves, does not our Christianity demand the sacrifice at our hands? Can we, then, exempt ourselves from condemnation, if we withhold it? Shall we puzzle our minds to find out how much, exactly, we owe, and then how much they owe, and thus balance our accounts, before we move a step in this grand enterprise? This minute calculation might suit the avarice of the unbeliever in Christianity, who makes all his actions quadruple with the rules of strict justice in his intercourse with his fellow men, and never means to step over its bounds in any of his dealings; but surely it can hardly suit that enlarged benevolence which Christianity inspires in the breast of every man who has an experimental and practical acquaintance with its doctrines and precepts; these teach him to do good to his enemies, to show mercy to the unthankful, and to extend the hand of charity to those who are ready to perish, and to snatch them, if possible, from their impending ruin.

Will any man contend that our Southern slaveholders "are sinners above all," that they should be left to perish without an effort to save them from their sinful delusion? Admitting that they are as bad as many suppose them to be, that they are man-stealers, inhuman tyrants, and even murderers, they are not beyond the circle of God's mercy, and therefore without the sphere of Christian philanthropy. They form a part of our country, and therefore are, from family relationship, entitled to a share in our sympathy, and we should, then, extend to them the hand of brotherly love.

But, indeed, the objection is founded in error, and, therefore, can have no solid foundation. Though the States which are now free, proclaimed freedom to their slaves without any compensation to those citizens who set them free, yet their number was comparatively few, and the sacrifice

was proportionally small and insignificant, while the pecuniary benefits resulting from the slave trade, were respect chiefly here at the North and East, where the slave ships were owned, and the captives and men employed. And after reaping all this benefit, and then freeing the free slaves who were found in our borders, the sacrifice was almost nothing in comparison to the profits derived from the slave trade. This being the true state of the case, it follows, even on the principles of justice, as nearly as we can balance the accounts, that we are under obligation to assist the South in freeing their slaves. This appears to be a just view of the subject, from every calculation which we are able to make.

But throwing this all out of the question, a mere love of country, the principles of Christianity, and more especially the genius of Christianity, would prompt us to use all reasonable, all lawful, all Christian endeavors, to release the land from the burden of slavery. If, then, we are sincere in our professions of hatred to slavery, if we love the souls and the bodies of slaveholders, if we really wish well to their temporal and eternal interests, if we heartily commiserate the condition of the slave, and desire his elevation to the rights and privileges of a freeman, we shall be ready to do something more than merely to declaim against slavery, to denounce its abettors as thieves and murderers, and to pass empty resolutions of our abhorrence of the system and its effects. O, yes! we shall be willing to offer a sacrifice of something that will cost us more than mere words; these are easily spoken; but when we are required to put our hands in our pockets, we are ready enough to frame excuses, and to say "O no! We are not indebted to the South; they have reaped all the profits of slavery, and therefore they are bound to surrender up their slaves, without fee or reward."

"This is the language of penuriousness, of selfishness, of avarice, and, as I have already proved, directly opposite to the whole genius and spirit of that Christianity which we all profess to love and adore."

This answer takes for granted, that the last objection is founded in truth. But it is not, as I have before sufficiently demonstrated. Truly, we are debtors to the South. In addition to the original profits of the slave trade, our merchants and manufacturers are daily reaping the benefits resulting from slave labor, and that much more, in proportion, than do the slaveholders themselves; for while the plantations of the South are becoming impoverished under the tillage of slaves, and many of the planters are hardly able to realize enough to meet their annual demands, our manufacturers and merchants are becoming rich under the operations of the trade and barter for the exchange of manufactured cloth for the raw material. Say, if you please, that this results from the difference between free and slave labor, it amounts to the same thing, and shows that the balance is in our favor, and therefore we ought to exert ourselves to the utmost of our ability to free the land from this intolerable burden.

Do you say that the southerners will not accept of our offer—that they will reject our interference in their affairs, and spurn our seeming charity? Be it so. It is no less our duty to offer it to them in the same spirit of sincerity, that the Lord Jesus Christ offers salvation to sinners who reject and spurn it. But I persuade myself that they will not, at least a great proportion of them, contemptuously and for the review of our friendship, nor turn a deaf ear to the counsels of wisdom. If they should, the responsibility will rest with them; we have discharged a solemn duty, and having put forth our best efforts to do them good, as well as to exonerate ourselves from the responsibility which rested upon us from the relation we held to slavery, we can confidently look up to our God for his blessing, and appeal to our countrymen for the sincerity of our hearts, and for the purity of our intentions, in thus striving to liberate the 4,000,000 of slaves which now inhabit our borders.

With these views and feelings, we can calmly commit our cause to that God "who maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust," praying that he may give success to our efforts, and smile upon the land of our birth, and quietly leave our sentiments for the calm consideration of our countrymen, and for the review of our posterity.

In my next, I shall present the means that are to be employed to carry my plan more effectually into practical operation.

N. BANGS.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE MONTHLY CONCERT.

The monthly missionary prayer-meeting is one of the best plans ever yet devised for replenishing the missionary treasury and keeping alive a missionary spirit.

We have depended too much upon occasional spasmodic efforts in raising missionary funds, which, like the mountain torrent, soon dry up and disappoint our hopes.

The monthly concert, like an unfailing fountain, sends out a perennial stream; like the tree of life, it yields its fruit every month.

There is a beautiful propriety in mingling our prayers and our alms together; it is evidently God's order. Prayer will keep alive a missionary spirit, and this will produce missionary funds; and then, if the contributions of the church be sanctified by agonizing prayer, there will be no want of success in missionary enterprise.

When we assemble on the first Sabbath evening of each month to pray for the blessing of God upon the missionary cause, how inspiring the thought that many thousands of Christians in different parts of the world are engaged in the same exercises! We are thus brought into a hallowed fellowship with the best part of the church of Christ, and we feel that we are "come to the general assembly and church of the first-born."

As as one company of worshippers are rising from their knees, another are commencing their devotions, and so on as the shadows of evening move around the globe.

What a beautiful fulfillment of the Messianic prediction—"Prayer shall be made for him continually." And how it will refresh the heart of the toil-worn missionary to know that, at stated seasons, the church at home are all engaged in prayer for his success.

It is to be feared, however, that missionary prayer-meetings are generally neglected by our people. Says Dr. Olin, "The monthly concert is little known among us, except in name." And, as a necessary consequence, the missionary spirit prevails only to a very limited extent.

Missionary information, much needed by many of our people, may be communicated at these meetings. Objections may be answered, and prejudices dissipated.

The monthly concert, with proper attention on the part of the preacher, may be made an occasion of more than ordinary interest.

I speak from experience. Since the commencement of my pastoral labors, the monthly missionary prayer-meetings have been kept up, with but few omissions, in the charges where it has been my good fortune to labor, and they have generally been the best meetings we have had.

Let the monthly concert be generally observed, and our missionaries will not be recalled for want of funds—nor shall we again have the mortification of presenting to the missionary treasury eighteen hundred dollars as the annual offering of twenty thousand Methodists!

S. A.

For the Herald and Journal.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS—REV. HENRY W. ADAMS.

Br. Stevens.—Without wishing to enter into controversy with Br. Adams on the subject of Christian holiness, on which I presume we agree, so far as I have seen in his more recent articles, yet while I freely admit what he asserts, that I "misapprehend [his] meaning," I do so simply on his assertion, and not from his illustration or argument. He says, "What a thing is, and what it requires, are two different matters." This is true of physical things, or those having a corporeal nature, but not of moral things. Hence, his illustration that "man is an animal, but he requires food," will not hold, for the subject is carried away by such an illustration. The other illustration is also defective, viz., Christian holiness requires prayer, but is not prayer. If by "prayer" here is meant the spirit of prayer, this I affirm is the "spirit of holiness," or that spirit by which and through the indwelling of which, is Christian holiness. If by "prayer" is meant the act of prayer, it will then be proper to understand the proposition to mean that Christian holiness (a state) requires prayer (an act) arising from this state. "Like produces like."

But in a moral point of view, does not truth require truth, justice require justice, and holiness require holiness? These moral virtues are not so many men, requiring animal or vegetable food; yet they require or claim what they themselves are,—this, and nothing but this.

That Br. A. believes that moral qualities require their own essence or nature, is proved in one of the best arguments he offers on holiness, in No. 5, when, after quoting Matt. 5: 48, he says, "Now, 'God is love.' It is no where said, 'God is justice, God is mercy, or God is omniscience; but, 'God is love.' What is love is His essence and His perfection. This attribute represents and tempers all the rest. To be perfect, then, as God is perfect, can only imply a perfection of love." What is the point of the argument, but that the high, reigning moral quality, love, requires love? i. e., that what it is, and what it requires is one and the same thing, not "two different matters."

But I was "too quick," or am cautioned "not to be too quick," and yet how long are we to wait? Already "No. V., Objection 9," and something more, and by and by, after we have "waited patiently," in a future article, then, "the definition" is to be given. To be sure, this is not very mathematical, but then, "genius signifies the power to do something new," and this undoubtedly comes under this head.

What, then, shall we expect in that definition? Why, we shall expect to see Christian holiness so limited as to be distinguished from every thing else, and this to be done, either by naming "the really distinct parts of its essence," or by assigning its genus and essential difference." Mr. Parker, in his Logic, page 70, has well observed, "It has been said, that 'a definition is a sentence explaining the word defined.' This, however, is only an explanation; and an explanation is not a definition; for an explanation may be such as to include some other individual, species, or genus; whereas, a definition must absolutely limit, and consequently exclude every word or thing but that defined; otherwise it would be equivocal or ambiguous." 2. "Definition literally (from 'finis,' a limit) signifies 'laying down a boundary,' and is used in logic to signify 'an expression which so distinguishes any term as to separate it from every thing else,' as a boundary separates one field from another."

It seems to me that we have, in what Br. A. has written on the subject, several accidental definitions, and, of course, "real ones;" as, for instance, that one which he makes, or seems to make, when replying to Objection 9, where he says, "But Christian holiness is a state of entire deliverance from all intentional sin—from all imputed sin—and from the dominion of sin." Here are a number of accidents, or properties of this doctrine, but none of them, nor all of them, its essential difference, unless it be "entire deliverance from all imputed sin;" and this phrase I frankly confess I do not understand. Is "imputed sin," sin reckoned—is it Adam's sin, or my sin, or Adam's sin reckoned to me? What is it, then, to be entirely delivered from the reckoning?

When men of small minds and limited opportunities, start up to write on some important theological subject, we expect something without method, and without point, and much that will not bear criticism; but when those of acknowledged talent, and thorough education, (such as Br. A.) approach a subject, we hope, nay, we feel a kind of confidence, that their light shall scatter darkness, their clearness remove obscurity, and their definitions settle the minds of all who may sincerely read their articles. Are we to be disappointed?

With an ardent desire that the articles of our brother may do much good, the Herald have a wider circulation, and your personal joys be abundant, I am

Yours truly,

WM. F. COLLINS.

For the Herald and Journal.

IMPROPTU.

BY REV. AMOS WALTON.

As meet two streams, and gently flow
In one, through all the plain below;
As sunbeams by the least unite
In one intense and burning light;
So hearts, if pure, both flow and shine
When wedded all their powers combine.

Oxford, Nov. 17.

For the Herald and Journal.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. BARNES.

Br. Stevens.—Will you publish the following eloquent extracts from the pen of Albert Barnes. They recently were pronounced in an address at Andover, and have just appeared in the October number of the Biblical Repository and Classical Review. They scout dogmas always obnoxious to Methodism, and are clothed in the strong, transparent language so characteristic of their author. Together with the rest of the address, they constitute one of the ablest and most practical articles ever issued from his pen. The selections which I have made, are on "Limited Atonement," and "City Congregations," and these afford your readers a title of the satisfaction which they have afforded me, it will amply repay the labor of transcription.

J. T. PETTIE.

LIMITED ATONEMENT.

There is a third form of theology which may be noticed, in its relation to preaching, similar to those already referred to. It is that which men are constrained to abandon when they come to preach, or which will not bear the test applied to it, when they engage earnestly in an effort to convert sinners to God. It may be taught in the schools; it may be defended by a venerable tradition; it may be embodied in creeds, or in standard systems of theology—but it cannot be preached. It contains dogmas so abhorrent to the obvious teaching of the Bible; so repellant to the common sense of mankind; so at variance with what are found to be just principles of philosophy; so much fitted to retard a work of grace,

* Viz., that which does not furnish the proper themes for the pulpit, and that which contemplates the propagation of religion mainly by other means than preaching; or Socialism and Positivism.

and so utterly contradictory to what a man is constrained to preach when his heart is full, and when he has the most enlarged and elevated views of the work of his Savior, that he cannot preach them. It would shock his own feelings; it would contradict all his prayers; it would be fatal to all his efforts to do good; it would throw off the sinner to a hopeless distance, though he had begun to return to God; it would present theology as at war with the elementary convictions which men have of what must be true.

There has been much of this theology in the schools; and rare it is that one goes forth to preach who does not find many a jutting corner of his theology soon worn off by his contact with the world; many of his theoretical views soon modified, and many of the dark and frowning features of his system of divinity exchanged insensibly for those more bland, benignant and cheerful. There is no better way to test certain dogmas that have come down to the church, and that seem to be defended by apparently correct reasoning, than to attempt to preach them. Standing in the pulpit, with immortal beings before him, whom it is his great business to attempt to win to the knowledge and love of God, theology will seem to be a different thing from what it was when contemplated as an abstract truth.—There are sympathies and feelings awakened in the bosom of the preacher which he had not, when, from his room at the Seminary, he looked out on the world, and which they seldom have who teach theology without the remembered feelings of the pastoral relation. In the pulpit, he is not the mere theologian; he is a man, with all the sympathies and feelings of a man. He addresses men, not abstractions. His business now is to persuade men, not to demonstrate dogmas. He is to seek to move them by argument, by persuasion, by appeals that will commend themselves to their good sense; and it is easy to see that there are certain dogmas which will not move them, except to irritation, and which, however strenuously he may have held them, he cannot preach. They violate the spirit of his commission; they are at war with all the finer feelings of his own nature.

Among those dogmas we may mention the doctrine of limited atonement. It would be improper to deny that plausible argumentation may be adduced in favor of that doctrine; and still more, that it has been held by men of great eminence in theology; but it cannot be preached. It does not suggest itself to a man's mind when he is preaching; it does not fall in with the design of preaching. When a man is most deeply engaged in his work, it cannot be preached. It must always be practically abandoned when, under the highest influence of the highest motives, and under the constraint of the highest motives which press on the soul, the preacher offers the gospel to his fellow men. Then, there is nothing that more cramps the powers and fetters the hands, and chills the heart of a preacher, than such a doctrine; and though there may be, here and there, one so clearly and thoroughly trained in such a form of systematic theology, so fettered and bound by authority, and by the manacles of a creed, so wholly under the influence of a theology derived from past ages, that he will have the moral courage to stand up in the pulpit and defend the dogma—freedom him though it does, and grate on the feelings of his hearers though it may—yet it is not a dogma that is, or can be, extensively preached. It never has been; it never will be. It comes so across a minister's commission, to "preach the gospel to every creature," implying that the gospel is to be preached, without mental reservation on the part of God or man, offered to every human being; it is so contrary to the current statements of the New Testament about the design of the atonement, as understood by the mass of readers of that book; it is so chilling to the gushing feelings of a preacher, when his heart warms with compassion for guilty men; it is so contradictory to the prayers which he must offer, in the sanctuary and in his nearest approaches to the throne of mercy in private; it is so cold and withering in its influence on the heart, that men will not preach it. If they felt that it was an essential and necessary part of their message, they would abandon preaching all together, and engage in farming, or teaching, or the mechanic arts; any thing, rather than have their better feelings subjected to constant torture.

As a matter of fact, therefore, the doctrine of limited atonement is not and cannot be preached. It is found in ancient books of divinity written in a sterner age, and when the principles of interpretation were less understood, and the large and liberal nature of the gospel was less appreciated. It is "petrified" in certain creeds maintained by the church; made firm, like fossil remains in a transition state, when ancient opinions were passing to a more liberal form. It is taught in a few seminaries, where men feel themselves constrained to repress the warm emotions of their own souls, and are prohibited from allowing their own minds to reach conclusions which they can scarcely avoid. But the doctrine is not preached, except when the heart is cold and dead. It is not preached when the soul is on fire with the love of men, and when the cross, in its true grandeur and glory, rises to view. It is never preached in a revival of religion—a proof, not false, that the doctrine is not true.

CITY CONGREGATIONS.

Some ministers suppose that all wisdom is in a city congregation; some, that behind a pair of spectacles there must be always some great doctor in the laws, in medicine or divinity; some that a graceful air, a genteel dress, or that jewels and rings, imply that there is a peculiar qualification for appreciating a good discourse in theology; some that all wisdom is in the East, and that any thing will do for the West; some that those of eminent attainments should be employed in a Christian land, and that much more slender endowments may occupy the field in ministrations among the heathen. Hence there are so many who feel themselves peculiarly qualified to labor in city congregations, and city congregations are favored with an opportunity to select a pastor from such a multitude who would be willing to serve them; and hence there are those who feel that it would be an absolute waste of talent if their lives were spent beyond the mountains, or among the heathen. Never were greater mistakes made than occur in regard to the ability of men to estimate a public discourse. Good sense, like air and water, necessities of life, are diffused about equally, and with great profusion, over the world; genius and eminent talents, like gems, may be rare indeed, but like gems, contribute little to the general happiness of the race. A man makes a great mistake who supposes that all are intelligent in cities; that none are capable of appreciating a good discourse in a country congregation; and equally does he err who supposes that his talent would be unappreciated in the West, or wasted among the heathen. There is in this country, most certainly, often a much higher ability to appreciate a public discourse in a country congregation, than in a city congregation; and he who would make a small endowment of good sense go a great way, would often do well to direct his steps to a splendid city church. In the West there is as high an order of talent developing itself, as this age is likely to produce; and he who has talent and desires that it may be appreciated, would do well to set his face toward the setting sun. Henry Martyn found occasion for all the skill in dialectics which the University of Cambridge could furnish, among the Moolahs of Persia, and his talent was not lost, for he left a path of living light from the Ganges to the Euphrates.

ALBERT BARNES.

ANECDOTE OF BUNYAN.

A Quaker came to Bedford jail, where Bunyan was confined on account of his religion, and thus addressed him: "Friend Bunyan, the Lord sent me to seek for thee, and I have been through several countries in search of thee; and now I am glad I have found thee." To which Mr. Bunyan replied, "Friend, thou dost not speak the truth, in saying the Lord sent thee to seek me for the Lord well knows that I have been in jail some years; and if he had sent thee, he would have sent thee here directly."

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